GOOSE'S MELODIES.

COMPLETE.

WITH ANNOTATIONS.

The only pure Edition.

Vide p. 77.

BOSTON:
MUNROE AND FRANCIS

CHILDREN'S BOOK
COLLECTION

LIBRARY OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES

Ex Libris
ELVAH KARSHNER

HEAR WHAT MA'AM GOOSE SAYS.

My dear little Blossoms, there are now in this world, and always will be, a great many grannies besides myself, both in petticoats and pantaloons, some a deal younger to be sure; but all monstrous wise, and of my own family name. These old women, who never had chick nor child of their own, but who always know how to bring up other people's children, will tell you with very long faces, that my enchanting, quieting, soothing volume, my all-sufficient anodyne for cross, peevish, won't-be-comforted little bairns, ought to be laid aside for more learned books, such as *they* could select and publish. Fudge! I tell you that all their bantering can't deface my beauties, nor their wise pratings equal my wiser prattlings; and all imitators of my refreshing songs might as well write a new Willy Shakespeare as another Mother Goose: we two great poets were born together, and we shall go off together.

No, no, my Melodies will never die,
While nurses sing, or babies cry.

MOTHER GOOSE'S

M E L O D I E S.

The only Pure Edition.

CONTAINING

ALL THAT HAVE EVER COME TO LIGHT OF HER

MEMORABLE WRITINGS,

TOGETHER

WITH THOSE WHICH HAVE BEEN DISCOVERED AMONG THE MSS. OF

HERCULANEUM.

LIKEWISE

EVERY ONE RECENTLY FOUND IN THE SAME STONE BOX

WHICH HOLD THE GOLDEN PLATES OF THE BOOK OF MORMON.

THE WHOLE

COMPARED, REVISED, AND SANCTIONED,

BY ONE OF

THE ANNOTATORS OF THE GOOSE FAMILY.

ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS IN THE YEAR 1833,
IN THE CLERK'S OFFICE OF THE DISTRICT COURT
OF MASSACHUSETTS.

BOSTON :

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY

MUNROE AND FRANCIS,

128 WASHINGTON-STREET;—AND C. S. FRANCIS, NEW-YORK.

FAMILY DEDICATION.

To His Excellency
The Greatest and best GANDER in the Country;
To his CABINET, that roast our family so nicely;
And to my large FLOCK of Cousins throughout the Union;—
To the Fellows of all Antiquarian, Scientifical,
Philosophical, Etymological, Explanatory, Critical, Comical,
and every other learned and unlearned Institution;
And last, though not least,
To all worthy Members of Household Nursery Societies,
who try to keep peace among little Nullifiers
that are always "up in arms,"
This Only Pure Edititon of MOTHER GOOSE,
Undertaken as an humble attempt to illustrate and preserve
in their primitive purity, the true readings of
Ancient Song,
On whose Pedestal modern Melody and Metre
are triumphantly reared,
(Hoping that its execution, both graphic and typographic,
will meet with approbation and applause)
Is, with most devout deference, Dedicated,
by their, and their young progeny's profound admirer,
and lineal descendant of the fair Author,
GITBERT GOSLING.

UCLA

GOOSE'S MELODIES.

LITTLE boy blue, blow your horn,
The sheep's in the meadow, the cows in the corn,
What! is this the way you mind your sheep,
Under the haycock fast asleep?

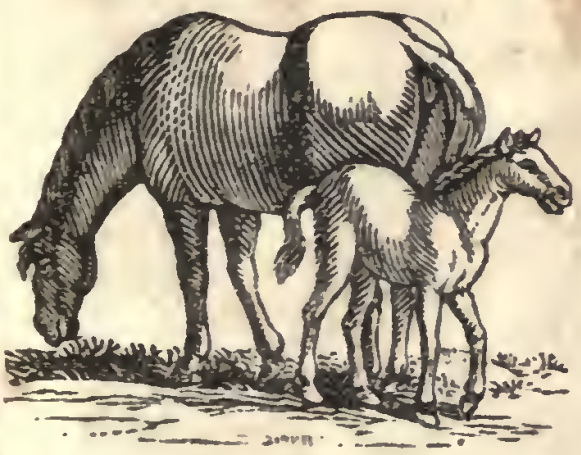
Song set to Five Fingers.

1. This little pig went to market;
2. This little pig staid at home;
3. This little pig had a bit of bread and butter;
4. This little pig had none;
5. This little pig said, Wee, wee, wee! I can't find my way home.

Song set to Five Toes.

1. Let us go to the wood, says this pig.
2. What to do there? says that pig;
3. To look for mother, says this pig;
4. What to do with her? says that pig;
5. Kiss her to death, says this pig.

Bless you, bless you, Burny Bee,
Say when will your wedding be?
If it be to-morrow day,
Take to your wings and fly away.



Shoe the colt,
Shoe the colt,
Shoe the wild mare;
Here a nail,
There a nail,
Yet the little colt goes bare.

Richard and Robin were two pretty men,
They laid abed till the clock struck ten:
Robin starts up and looks at the sky,
Oh ho! brother Richard, the sun's very high,
Do you go before with the bottle and bag,
And I'll follow after on little Jack Nag.

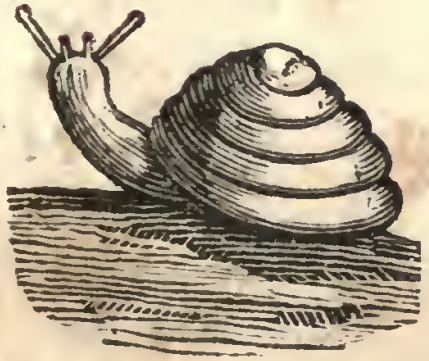
Robin O'Bobin
The big-bellied Hen,
Ate more victuals
Than threescore men;
A cow and a calf,
An ox and a half,
A church and a steeple,
And all the good people,
And yet he complain'd
That his belly wan't full.

Baa, baa, black sheep, have you any wool?
Yes, marry have I, three bags full,
One for my master, one for my dame,
And one for the little boy that lives in the lane.

To market, to market, to buy a penny bun,
Home again, home again, market is done.

Lady-bird, Lady-bird,
Fly away home,
Your house is on fire,
Your children will burn.

One, Two—buckle my shoe;
Three, Four,—open the door;
Five, Six,—pick up sticks;
Seven, Eight—lay them straight;
Nine, Ten—a good fat Hen;
Eleven, Twelve—I hope you're well;
Thirteen Fourteen—draw the curtain;
Fifteen, Sixteen—the maid's in the kitchen;
Seventeen, Eighteen—she's in waiting;
Nineteen, Twenty—my stomach's empty.



Snail, Snail.
Come out of your hole,
Or else I'll beat you as black as a coal;
Snail, Snail,
Put out your head,
Or else I'll beat you till your dead.

Sing a song of Sixpence, a bag full of rye,
Four and twenty blackbirds baked in a pie :
When the pie was opened, the birds began to sing ;
And wasn't this a dainty dish to set before the king ?
The king was in the parlour, counting out his money ;
The queen was in the kitchen, eating bread and honey ;
The maid was in the garden hanging out the clothes ;
There came a little blackbird and nipt off her nose.

I'll tell you a story
About Mother Morey,
And now my story's begun.
I'll tell you another
About her brother,
And now my story's done.

Nose, nose, jolly red Nose,
And what gave you that joly red nose?
Nutmegs and cinnamon, spices and cloves,
And they gave me this jolly red nose.

Sweep, sweep
Chimney sweep
From the bottom to the top.
Sweep all up,
Chimney sweep,
From the bottom to the top.
Climb by rope,
Or climb by ladder,
Without either
I'll climb farther.

The north wind doth blow,
And we shall have snow,
And what will poor Robin do then?
Poor thing!

He'll sit in the barn
And keep himself warm,
And hide his head under his wing,
Poor thing!

Cold and raw the north winds blow
Bleak in the morning early,
All the hills are covered with snow,
And winter's now come fairly.

The Cuckoo is a bonny bird,
She sings as she flies,
She brings us good tidings,
And tells us no lies.

She sucks little birds eggs
To make her voice clear,
And never cries Cuckoo !
Till Spring of the year.

Lavender blue, and Rosemary green,
When I am king you shall be queen,
Call up the maids at four of the clock,
Some to the wheel, and some to the rock,
Some to make hay, and some to shell corn,
And you and I will keep the bed warm.

The Lion and the Unicorn
Were fighting for the crown—
The lion beat the unicorn
All all about the town.
Some gave them white bread,
Some gave them brown,
Some gave them plum-cake,
And sent them out of town.

I had a little husband no bigger than my thumb,
I put him in a pint pot, and there I bid him drum ;
I bought a little handkerchief to wipe his little nose,
And a pair of little garters to tie his little hose.

There was a man in our town,
And he was wondrous wise,
He jump'd into a bramble-bush,
And scratched out both his eyes ;
And when he saw his eyes were out,
With all his might and main
He jump'd into another bush,
And scratch'd them in again.

There were two birds sat upon a stone,
Fal de ral—al de ral—laddy.
One flew away, and then there was one.
Fal de ral—al de ral—laddy.
The other flew after, and then there was none,
Fal de ral—al de ral—laddy.
So the poor stone was left all alone,
Fal de ral—al de ral—laddy.
One of the little birds back again flew,
Fal de ral—al de ral—laddy.
The other came after, and then there were two.
Fal de ral—al de ral—laddy.
Says one to the other, Pray how do you do?
Fal de ral—al de ral—laddy.
Very well, thank you, and pray how are you?
Fal de ral—al de ral—laddy.

Liar, liar, lickspit, turn about the candlestick.
What's good for Liars?—Brimstone and fires.

We will go to the wood, says Richard to Robin,
We will go to the wood, says Robin to Bobin,
We will go to the wood, says John all alone,
We will go to the wood, says every one.

What shall we do there? says Richard to Robin,
What shall we do there? says Robin to Bobin,
What shall we do there? says John all alone,
What shall we do there? says every one.

We will shoot at a wren, says Richard to Robin,
We will shoot at a wren, says Robin to Bobin,
We will shoot at a wren, says John all alone,
We will shoot at a wren, says every one.

Then pounce, then pounce, says Richard to Robin,
Then pounce, then pounce, says Robin to Bobin,

Then pounce, then pounce, says John all alone,
Then pounce, then pounce, says every one.

She is dead, she is dead, says Richard to Robin,
She is dead, she is dead, says Robin to Bobin,
She is dead, she is dead, says John all alone,
She is dead, she is dead, says every one.

How shall we get her home? says Richard to Robin
How shall we get her home? says Robin to Bobin,
How shall we get her home? says John all alone,
How shall we get her home? says every one.

In a cart with six horses, says Richard to Robin,
In a cart with six horses, says Robin to Bobin,
In a cart with six horses, says John all alone,
In a cart with six horses, says every one.

How shall we dress her? says Richard to Robin,
How shall we dress her? says Robin to Bobin,
How shall we dress her? says John all alone,
How shall we dress her? says every one.

We'll hire seven cooks, says Richard to Robin,
We'll hire seven cooks, says Robin to Bobin,
We'll hire seven cooks, says John all alone,
We'll hire seven cooks, says every one.

Sing, sing!—what shall I sing?
The cat's run away with the Pudding-Bag String.

When I was a little boy, I washed my mammy's dishes,
Now I am a great boy I roll in golden riches.

When I was a little boy, I lived by myself,
And all the bread and cheese I got I put upon a shelf;
The rats and the mice, they made such a strife,
I was forced to go to London to buy me a wife.
The streets were so broad, and the lanes were so narrow,
I was forced to bring my wife home in a wheelbarrow;
The wheelbarrow broke, and my wife had a fall,
Down came wheelbarrow, wife and all.

Pease porridge hot, pease porridge cold,
Pease porridge in the pot, nine days old.
Can you spell that with four letters?
Yes, I can——T H A T.

When I was a little boy,
I had but little wit,
'Tis a long time ago,
And I have no more yet,
Nor ever ever shall,
Until that I die,
For the longer I live
The more fool am I.

Rain, Rain, go away,
Come again, April day,
Little Johnny wants to play
In the meadows on the hay.

Bye, Baby bunting,
Father's gone a hunting,
Mother's gone a milking,
Sister's gone a silking,
And Brother's gone to buy a skin
To wrap the Baby bunting in.

There was an old woman lived under the hill,
And if she's not gone, she lives there still ;
She sold apples, and she sold pies,
And she's the old woman that never told lies.

One misty, moisty morning,
When cloudy was the weather,
I chanced to meet an old man clothed all in leather.
He began to compliment, and I began to grin,
How do you do, and how do you do,
And how do you do again ?

High diddle diddle,
The Cat and the Fiddle,
The Cow jumped over the
Moon,
The little Dog laughed
To see the sport,
And the Dish ran away
With the Spoon.

Once in my life I married a wife,
And where do you think I found her?
On Gretna Green, in a velvet sheen,
And I took up a stick to pound her.
She jump'd over a barberry-bush,
And I jump'd over a timber,
I showed her a gay gold ring,
And she showed me her finger.

Round about, round about,
Gooseberry-Pie,
My father loves good ale,
And so do I.

You owe me five shillings,
Say the bells of St. Helen's

When will you pay me?
Say the bells of Old Bailey.

When I grow rich,
Say the bells of Shoreditch.

When will that be?
Say the bells of Stepney.

I do not know,
Says the great bell of Bow.

Two sticks and an apple,
Ring the bells of Whitechapel.

Half pence and farthings,
Say the bells of St Martin's.

Kettle and pans,
Say the bells of St Ann's.

Brickbats and tiles,
Say the bells of St. Giles.

Old shoes and slippers,
Say the bells of St. Peters.

Pokers and tongs,
Say the bells of St John's.

Hey, my kitten, my kitten,
And hey my kitten my deary,
Such a sweet pet as this
Was neither far nor neary.

Here we go up, up, up,
And here we go down, down, downy.

Here we go backward and forward,
And here we go round, round, roundy.

Where was a jewel and pretty,
Where was a sugar and spicy?
Hush a bye babe in the cradle,
And we'll go abroad in a tricey?

Did his papa torment it?
And vex his own baby will he?
Give me a hand and I'll beat him,
With your red coral and whistle.

Here we go up, up, up,
And here we go down, down, downy;
Here we go backward and forward,
And here we go round, round, roundy.

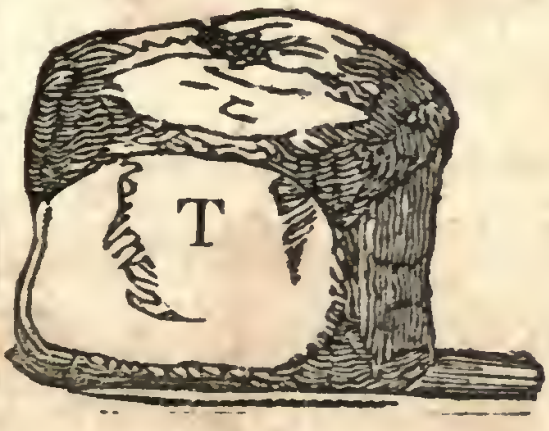
In the month of sweet April,
When leaves begin to spring,
Little lambs do skip like fairies,
Birds do couple, build and sing.

As I was going to sell my eggs,
I met a thief with bandy legs,
Bandy legs and crooked toes,
I tript up his heels and he fell on his nose.

Old mistress McShuttle
Lived in a coal-scuttle,
Along with her dog and her cat;
What they ate I can't tell,
But 'tis known very well,
That none of the party were fat.

Pussy sits behind the log,
How can she be fair?
Then comes in the little dog,
Pussy, are you there?
So, so, dear mistress Pussy,
Pray tell me how you do?
I thank you, little dog,
I'm very well just now.

How many days has my baby to play?
Saturday, Sunday, Monday,
Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday,
Saturday, Sunday, Monday.



Pat a cake, pat a cake,
Baker's man!
So I do master, as fast as I can.
Pat it and prick it,
And mark it with T,
And then it will serve
For Tommy and me.

Little Johnny Pringle had a little pig,
It was very little, so was not very big.
As it was playing beneath the shed,
In half a minute poor Piggy was dead.

So Johnny Pringle he sat down and cried,
And Betty Pringle she laid down and died.

There is the history of one, two, and three,
Johnny Pringle, Betty Pringle, and Piggy Wiggie.

Ride away, ride away,
Johnny shall ride,
And he shall have pussy-cat
Tied to one side ;
And he shall have little dog
Tied to the other,
And Johnny shall ride
To see his grandmother.

There was an old woman tost up in a blanket,
Seventeen times as high as the moon,
What she did there no mortal can tell,
But under her arm she carried a broom.
Old woman, old woman, old woman, said I,
O whither, O whither, O whither, so high ?
To sweep the cobwebs from the sky,
And I shall be back again by and by.

Shoe the horse, and shoe the mare,
But let the little colt go bare.

The man in the moon came down too soon
To inquire the way to Norwich ;
The man in the south, he burnt his mouth
With eating cold plum-porridge.

When I was a little he,
My mother took me on her knee,
Smiles and kisses gave with joy,
And call'd me oft her darling boy.

To be sung in a high wind.

Arthur O'Bower has broken his band,
And he comes roaring up the land.
King of Scots with all his power
Never can turn Sir Arthur O'Bower.

The little black dog ran round the house,
And set the bull a roaring,
And drove the monkey in the boat,
Who set the oars a rowing,
And scared the cock upon the rock,
Who cracked his throat a crowing.

Hark ! hark ! hark ! the dogs do bark,
The beggars have come to town ;
Some in rags and some in tags,
And some in velvet gowns.

Diddle diddle dumpling, my son John
Went to bed with his breeches on—
One stocking off and one stocking on,
Diddle diddle dumpling, my son John.

Great A, little a, bouncing B,
The cat's in the cupboard, and she can't see.

There was a man and he had naught,
And robbers came to rob him;
He crept up to the chimney top,
And then they thought they had him.
But he got down on t'other side,
And then they could not find him:
He ran fourteen miles in fifteen days,
And never looked behind him.

Little Robin Red-breast grieves
When snow is on the ground,
For the trees have no leaves,
And no berries can be found.

The air is cold, the worms are hid,
For Robin here what can be done?
Let's strew around some crumbs of bread,
And then he'll live till the snow is gone.

There was an old woman, and what do you think?
She lived upon nothing but victuals and drink:
Victuals and drink were the chief of her diet,
And yet this old woman scarce ever was quiet.

The rose is red, the violet blue,
The gilly-flower sweet—and so are you.
These are the words you bade me say
For a pair of new gloves on Easter-day.

Hush-a-bye, baby, upon the tree-top,
When the wind blows the cradle will rock;
When the bough breaks the cradle will fall,
Down tumble cradle, and baby, and all.

Daffy-down dilly is new come to town,
With a petticoat green, and a bright yellow gown,
And her little white blossoms are peeping around.

Tom, Tom, of Islington,
Married a wife on Sunday,
Bro't her home on Monday,
Hired a house on Tuesday,
Fed her well on Wednesday,
Sick was she on Thursday,
Dead was she on Friday,
Sad was Tom on Saturday,
To bury his wife on Sunday.

There was a mad man,
And he had a mad wife,
And they lived all in a mad lane!
They had three children all at a birth,
And they too were mad every one.
The father was mad,
The mother was mad,
The children all mad beside;
And upon a mad horse they all of them got,
And madly away did ride.

Tom, Tom, the piper's son,
Stole a pig, and away he run;
The pig was eat,
And Tom was beat,
And Tom ran crying down the street.

Little King Boggen he built a fine hall,
Pie-crust and pastry-crust, that was the wall;
The windows were made of black-puddings and white,
And slated with pancakes—you ne'er saw the like.

To bed, to bed, says Sleepy-Head ;
Let's stay awhile, says Slow ;
Put on the pot, says Greedy-Gut,
We'll sup before we go.

Dingty diddledy, my mammy's maid,
She stole oranges, I am afraid :
Some in her pocket, some in her sleeve,
She stole oranges, I do believe.

Rock-a-by, baby,
Your cradle is green,
Father's a nobleman,
Mother's a queen,
And Betty's a lady,
And wears a gold ring,
And Johnny's a drummer,
And drums for the king.

Hush-a-bye, baby, lie still with thy daddy,
Thy mammy is gone to the mill,
To get some meal to bake a cake;
So pray, my dear baby, lie still.

Little lad, little lad,
Where were you born?
Far off in Lancaster under a thorn,
Where they sup butter-milk
With a ram's horn;
Where a pumpkin scoop'd,
With a yellow rim,
Is the bonny bowl they breakfast in.

Pretty John Watts,
We are troubled with rats,
Will you drive them out of the house?
We have mice too in plenty,
That feast in the pantry,
But let them stay and nibble away,
What harm in a little brown mouse?

Shake a leg, wag a leg, when will you gang?
At midsummer, mother, when the days are lang.

Little Miss Muffett
She sat on a tuffet,
Eating of curds and whey ;
There came a black spider
And sat down beside her,
And frightened Miss Muffett away.

Hogs in the garden, catch'em, Towser,
Cows in the corn-field, run boys, run.
Cats in the cream-pot, run girls, run girls,
Fire on the mountains, run boys, run.

Bobby Shaftoe's gone to sea,
Silver buckles on his knee;
He'll come back and marry me,
Pretty Bobby Shaftoe.

Bobby Shaftoe's fat and fair,
Combing down his yellow hair,
He's my love forevermore,
Pretty Bobby Shaftoe.

Pussy cat, pussy cat, where have you been?
I've been to London to see the Queen.
Pussy cat, pussy cat, what did you there?
I frightened a little mouse under the chair.

Taffy was a Welchman, Taffy was a thief,
Taffy came to my house and stole a piece of beef;
I went to Taffy's house, Taffy wan't at home,
Taffy came to my house and stole a marrow bone;
I went to Taffy's house, Taffy was in bed,
I took the marrow-bone, and beat about his head.

Boys and girls, come out to play,
The moon doth shine as bright as day,
Leave your supper and leave your sleep,
And meet your playfellows in the street;
Come with a whoop, and come with a call,
And come with a good will, or not at all.
Up the ladder and down the wall,
A halfpenny roll will serve us all.
You find milk and I'll find flour,
And we'll have pudding in half an hour.

Go to bed Tom, go to bed, Tom—
Merry or sober, go to bed Tom.

Ride a cock horse to Banbury cross
To see what Tommy can buy ;
A penny white loaf, a penny white cake,
And a two penny apple-pie.

Ride a cock horse to Shrewsbury cross,
To buy little Johnny a galloping horse ;
It trots behind and it ambles before,
And Johnny shall ride till he can ride no more.

Jemmy Jed went into a shed,
And made of a ted of straw his bed;
An owl came out and flew about,
And Jemmy Jed up stakes and fled.
Wan't Jemmy Jed a staring fool,
Born in the woods to be scar'd by an owl?

How many miles to Babylon?
Threescore miles and ten.
Can I get there by candle light?
Yes, and back again.

LONDON BRIDGE.

London bridge is broken down,
Dance over, my Lady Lee,
London bridge is broken down,
With a gay ladye.

How shall we build it up again?
Dance over my Lady Lee,
How shall we build it up again?
With a gay ladye.

We'll build it up with gravel and stone,
Dance over my Lady Lee,
We'll build it up with gravel and stone,
With a gay ladye.

Gravel and stone will be washed away,
Dance over my Lady Lee,
Gravel and stone will be washed away,
With a gay ladye.

We'll build it up with iron and steel,
Dance over my Lady Lee,
We'll build it up with iron and steel.
With a gay ladye.

Iron and steel will bend and break,
Dance over my Lady Lee,
Iron and steel will bend and break,
With a gay ladye.
We'll build it up with silver and gold,
Dance over my Lady Lee,
We'll build it up with silver and gold,
With a gay ladye.
Silver and gold will be stolen away,
Dance over my Lady Lee,
Silver and gold will be stolen away,
With a gay ladye.
We'll set a man to watch it then,
Dance over my Lady Lee,
We'll set a man to watch it then,
With a gay ladye.
Suppose the man should fall asleep,
Dance over my Lady Lee,
Suppose the man should fall asleep,
With a gay ladye.
We'll put a pipe into his mouth,
Dance over my Lady Lee,
We'll put a pipe into his mouth,
With a gay ladye.

Cushy Cow bonny, let down your milk,
And I will give you a gown of silk,
A gown of silk and a silver tee,
If you'll let down your milk to me.

Ride a cock-horse to Charing-Cross,
To see a young woman
Jump on a white horse,
With rings on her fingers
And bells on her toes,
And she shall have music
Wherever she goes.

Johnny shall have a new bonnet.
And Johnny shall go to the fair,
And Johnny shall have a new ribbon
To tie up his bonny brown hair.

And why may not I love Johnny,
And why may not Johnny love me?
And why may not I love Johnny
As well as another body?

And here's a leg for a stocking,
And here's a foot for a shoe,
And he has a kiss for his daddy,
And two for his mammy I trow.

And why may not I love Johnny?
And why, &c. &c.

There was an old woman, she lived in a shoe,
She had so many children she didn't know what to do,
She gave them some broth without any bread,
She whipt them all soundly and sent them to bed.

Heigh ding a ding, what shall I sing?
How many holes in a skimmer?
Four and twenty. I'm half starving!
Mother, pray give me some dinner.

Ding——dong——bell, the cat's in the well.
Who put her in? little Johnny Green.
Who pulled her out? Great Johnny Stout.
What a naughty boy was that,
To drown poor pussy cat!
Who never did him any harm,
And killed the rats in his father's barn.

Lazy Tom with jacket blue,
Stole his father's gouty shoe;
The worst of harm that dad can wish him
Is his gouty shoe may fit him.

Bonny lass! bonny lass!
Will you be mine?
You shall neither wash dishes
Nor serve the swine,
But sit on a cushion and sew up a seam,
And you shall have strawberries, sugar and cream.

I won't be my father's Jack,
I won't be my father's Jill,
I will be the fiddler's wife,
And have music when I will.
T'other little tune, t'other little tune,
Prythee, love, play me t'other little tune.

The two grey Kits,
And the grey Kits' mother,
All went over
The bridge together.
The bridge broke down,
They all fell in,
May the rats go with you,
Says Tom Bolin.

Trip upon trenchers,
And dance upon dishes,
My mother sent me for yeast, some yeast,
She bid me tread lightly,
And come again quickly,
For fear the young men should play me some jest.
Yet didn't you see, yet didn't you see,
What naughty tricks they put upon me?
They broke my pitcher, and spilt my water,
And huffed my mother, and chid her daughter,
And kissed my sister instead of me.

What's the news of the day?
Good neighbour, I pray?
They say the balloon
Has gone up to the moon.

There was an old man in a velvet coat
He kissed a maid and gave her a groat;
The groat was cracked and would not go.
Ah, old man, do you serve me so?

Three wise men of Gotham
Went to sea in a bowl,
If the bowl had been stronger
My song had been longer.

Wash me and comb me
And lay me down softly,
And set me on a bank to dry,
That I may look pretty,
When some one comes by.

I had a little Hobby-Horse,
And it was dapple-grey,
His head was made of pea-straw,
His tail was made of hay,
I sold it to an an old woman
For a copper groat,
And I'll not sing my song again,
Without a new coat.

Fa, Fe, Fi, Fo, Fum !
I smell the blood of an Englishman.
Be he live or be he dead,
I'll grind his bones to make me bread.

There were two blackbirds sitting on a hill,
One named Jack and the other named Jill ;
Fly away, Jack,—fly away, Jill,
Come again Jack,—Come again, Jill.

Tell tale tit.
Your tongue shall be slit,
And all the dogs in our town
Shall have a bit.

Saturday night shall be my whole care
To powder my locks and curl my hair;
On sunday morning my love will come in,
And marry me then with a pretty gold ring.

Hey rub-a-rub, ho rub-a-dub, three maids in a tub,
And who do you think was there ?
The butcher, the baker, the candle-stick maker,
And all of them gone to the fair.

There were two blind men went to see
Two cripples run a race,
The bull did fight the humblebee,
And scratched him in the face.

Willy boy, Willy boy, where are you going?
O let me go with you this sunshiny day.
I'm going to the meadow to see them a mowing,
I'm going to help the girls turn the new hay.

Fee, Faw, Foe, Fum,
I smell the blood of an Englishman.
Dead or alive, I will have some.

Bless you, bless you, burnie-bee,
Tell me where my true love be;
Be she east, or be she west,
Seek the path that she loves best:
Go and whisper in her ear,
That I ever think of her,
Tell her all I have to say
Is about our wedding day,
Burnie-bee, no longer stay,
Take to your wings and fly away.

Up in the green orchard there is a green tree,
The finest of pippins that ever you see;
The apples are ripe and ready to fall,
And Richard and Robin shall gather them all.

Harry cum Parry, when will you marry?
When apples and pears are ripe.
I'll come to your wedding without any bidding,
And stay with the bride all night.

I will sing you a song
Of the days that are long,
Of the woodcock and the sparrow,
Of the little dog that burnt his tail.
And he shall be whipt to-morrow.

Jog on, jog on, the footpath way,
And merrily jump the stile, boys,
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad one tires in a mile, boys.

I had a little doll,
The prettiest ever seen,
She washed me the dishes
And kept the house clean,
She went to the mill
To fetch me some flour,
And always got it home,
In less than an hour ;
She baked me my bread,
She brewed me my ale,
She sat by the fire,
And told many a fine tale.

Jacky come give me your fiddle,
If ever you mean to thrive.
Nay, I'll not give my fiddle
To any man alive ;
If I should give my fiddle,
They'll think that I'm gone mad,
For many a joyful day
My fiddle and I have had.

Is master Smith within ?—Yes, that he is.
Can he set a shoe ?—Ay, marry, two ;
Here a nail, and there a nail,
Tick—tack—too.

Charley loves good cake and ale,
Charley loves good candy,
Charley loves to kiss the girls
When they are clean and handy.

John O'Gudgeon was a wild man,
He whipt his children now and then,
When he whipt them, he made them dance,
Out of Ireland into France.

Peter, Peter, pumpkin eater,
Had a wife and couldn't keep her;
He put her in a pumpkin shell,
And then he kept her very well.
Peter, Peter, pumpkin eater
Had another and didn't love her;
Peter learnt to read and spell,
And then he loved her very well.

Jack and Jill went up the hill
To fetch a pail of water ;
Jack fell down, and broke his crown,
And Jill came tumbling after.

There was an old man, and he had a calf,
And that's half;
He took him out of the stall, and put him on the wall,
And that's all.

Goosey, Goosey, gander, where dost thou wander ?
Up stairs and down stairs, and in my lady's chamber ;
There I met an old man that would not say his prayers,
I took him by his hind legs and threw him down stairs.

The girl in the lane,
That couldn't speak plain,
Cried, Gobble, gobble, gobble ;
The man on the hill,
That couldn't stand still,
Went hobble, hobble, hobble.

Robert Barns, fellow fine,
Can you shoe this horse of mine,
So that I may cut a shine?
Yes, good sir, and that I can,
As well as any other man;
There a nail, and here a prod,
And now, good Sir, your horse is shod.

Hey ding a ding ding, I heard a bird sing,
The parliament soldiers are gone to the king.

Pibroch of Donnel Dhu,
Pibroch of Donnel,
Wake thy voice anew,
Summon Clan-Connel,
Come away, come away,
Hark to the summons,
Come in your war array,
Gentles and commons.

Come as the winds come,
When forests are rended,
Come as the waves come,
When navies are stranded.
Faster come, faster come, faster and faster—
Chief, vassal, page and groom,
Tenant and master.

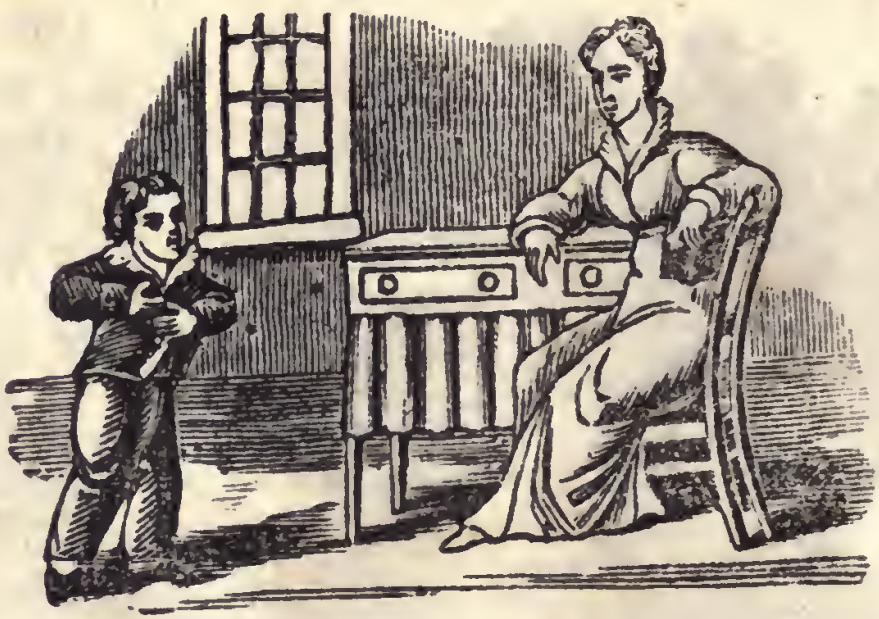
Fast they come, fast they come,
See how they gather ?
Wide waves the eagle plume blended with heather.
Cast your plaids, draw your blades,
Forward each man set !
Pibroch of Donnel Dhu, now for the onset !

Jack Sprat could eat no fat;
His wife could eat no lean;
So 'twixt them both they cleared the cloth,
And lick'd the platter clean.

There was a little boy went into a barn,
And lay down on some hay;
A calf came out and smelt about,
And the little boy ran away.

One,
Two,
Three,
Four,
Five,
I caught a hare alive.
Six,
Seven,
Eight,
Nine,
Ten,
I let her go again.

The sow came in with the saddle,
The little pig rock'd the cradle,
The dish jump'd up on the table
To see the pot swallow the ladle.
The spit that stood behind the door
Threw the pudding stick on the floor;
Odsplut! said the gridiron,
Can't ye agree?
I'm the head constable,
Bring them to me.



Little Tommy Tucker, sing for your supper:
What shall I sing? white bread and butter.
How shall I cut it without any knife?
How shall I marry without any wife?

would, if I could;
If I couldn't, how could I?
I couldn't without I could, could I?
Could you without you could, could ye?
Could ye, could ye?
You couldn't without you could, could ye?

Five children playing on the ice
All on a summer's day;
As it fell out they all fell in,
The rest they ran away.

Now had these children been at home,
Or sliding on bare ground,
Ten thousand pounds to one penny,
They had not all been drown'd.

You parents, that have children dear,
And you too that have none,
If you would have them safe abroad,
Pray keep them safe at home.

Here's A, B, C, D, E, F, and G,
H, I, J, K, L, M, N, O, and P,
Q, R, S, T, U, V, W, X, Y, and Z;
And here is good mamma, who knows
This is the fount whence learning flows.

Milk-man, milk-man, where have you been?
In butter-milk channel up to my chin,
I spilt my milk and I spoilt my clothes,
And got a long icicle hung to my nose.

There was a piper had a Cow,
And he had naught to give her,
He pull'd out his pipes and play'd her a tune,
And bade the cow consider.

The cow considered very well,
And gave the piper a penny,
And bade him play the other tune,
"Corn rigs are bonny."

Little Jack Horner

Sat in a corner,

Eating a Christmas pie :

He put in his thumb,

And he pull'd out a plum,

And said,

What a good boy am I !

Away, pretty robin, fly home to your nest,
To make you my captive I still should like best,
And feed you with worms and with bread:
Your eyes are so sparkling, your feathers so soft,
Your little wings flutter so pretty aloft,
And your breast is all cover'd with red.

Handy-spandy, Jacky dandy,
Loves plum-cake and sugar-candy,
He bought some at a grocer's shop,
And pleased away went hop, hop, hop.

There was an old woman,
Sold puddings and pies,
She went to the mill,
And dust flew in her eyes.
While through the streets,
To all she meets,
She ever cries,
Hot pies,—Hot pies.

When good King Arthur rul'd this land,
He was a goodly king;
He stole three pecks of barley meal,
To make a bag pudding,
A bag pudding the king did make,
And stuff'd it well with plums;
And in it put great lumps of fat,
As big as my two thumbs.
The king and queen did eat thereof,
And noblemen beside;
And what they could not eat that night,
The queen next morning fried.

Bow, wow, wow,
Whose dog art thou ?
I'm Tom Tinker's dog,
Whose dog art thou ?

See saw, Jack-a-daw,
Johnny shall have a new master ;
Johnny shall have but a penny a day,
Because he can work no faster.

We're three brethren out of Spain,
Come to court your daughter Jane.
My daughter Jane she is too young,
She has no skill in a flattering tongue.
Be she young, or be she old,
It's for her gold she must be sold,
So fare you well, my lady gay,
We shall return another day.

Mistress Mary, quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?
With silver bells and cockle shells,
And maidens all a row.

When I was a little boy, my mother kept me in,
Now I am a great boy, fit to serve the king;
I can handle a musket, I can smoke a pipe,
I can kiss a pretty girl at ten o'clock at night.

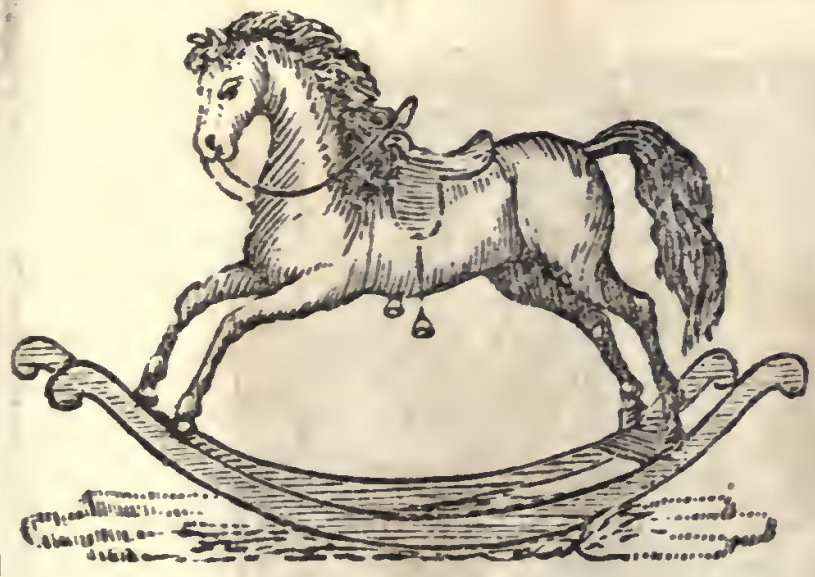
Mary had a pretty bird;
Feathers bright and yellow;
Slender legs, upon my word
He was a pretty fellow.

The sweetest notes he always sung,
Which much delighted Mary,
And often where the cage was hung,
She stood to hear Canary.

Rigadoon, rigadoon, now let him fly,
Sit upon mother's foot, jump him up high.

A cow and a calf,
An ox and a half;
Forty good shillings and three,
Is not that enough tocher
For a shoemaker's daughter,
A bonny sweet lass
With a coal black ee?

Come listen, my boys, sit still and be mum,
I'll read the apparel of Master Tom Thumb.
An oaken leaf he had for his crown,
His shirt it was by spiders spun;
His stockings of thistle down, they tie
With eyelash picked from his mother's eye;
His hat was made of butterfly's wing,
His boots were wove of gossamer thin;
His coat and breeches were shaped with pride;
A needle mounted swung by his side;
A mouse he rode as his dapple steed,
His bridle curb an inch of thread;
His shoes were made of a squirrel's skin,
Nicely tanned, the hair within.



Little Jack Nory
Told me a story
How he tried
Cock-horse to ride,
Sword and scabbard
by his side,
Saddle, leaden spurs
and switches.
His pocket tight
With cents all bright,
Marbles, tops, puzzles, props,
Now he's put in jacket and breeches.

As I was going to Saint Ives,
I met seven wives,
Every wife had seven sacks,
Every sack had seven cats,
Every cat had seven kits,
Kits, cats, sacks and wives,
How many were there going to St. Ives?

Miss Jane had a bag, and a mouse was in it,
She opened the bag, he was out in a minute;
The cat saw him jump, and run under the table,
And the dog said, catch him, puss, soon as you're able.

Cross Patch, draw the latch,
Sit by the fire and spin;
Take a cup, and drink it up,
Then call your neighbours in.

See-saw, Margery Daw,
Sold her bed, and lay upon straw,
Was not she a dirty slut,
To sell her bed and lay in the dirt?

What care I how black I be?
Twenty pounds will marry me.
If twenty won't, forty shall,
I'm my mother's bouncing girl.

Cock a doodle doo,
My dame has lost her shoe;
My master's lost his fiddlestick,
And knows not what to do.

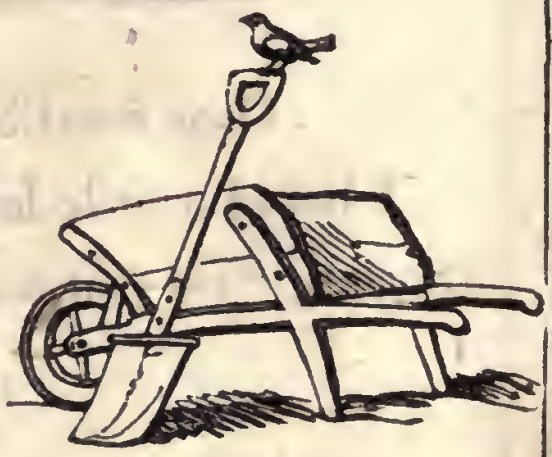
There was a little man,
And he had a little gun,
And his bullets were made of lead,
He shot John Sprig
Through the middle of his wig
And knocked it right off his head.

Dear Sensibility, O la!
I heard a little lamb cry baa!
Says I, "So you have lost mamma?"
"Baa!"

The little lamb as I said so,
Frisking about the fields did go,
And, frisking, trod upon my toe.
"Oh!"

The man in the wilderness
Asked me,
How many strawberries
Grew in the sea?
I answered him as I thought good,
As many red herrings
As grew in the wood.

Little Robin Redbreast
Sat upon a tree,
Up went Pussy-Cat,
And down went he;
Down came Pusssy-Cat,
Away Robin ran,
Says little Robin Redbreast—
Catch me if you can.

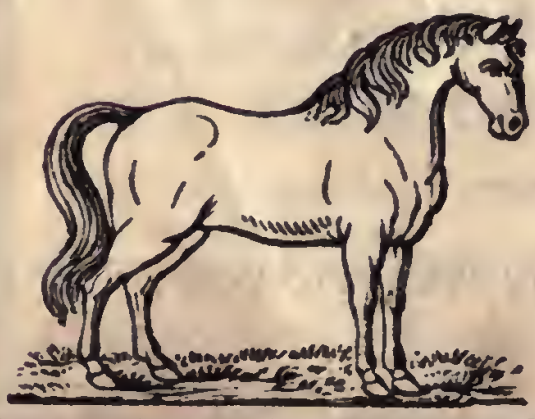


Little Robin Redbreast jumped upon a spade,
Pussy jumped after, and then was afraid.
Little Robin chirped and sang, and what did Pussy say?
Pussy-Cat said, Mew, mew, mew,—and Robin flew away

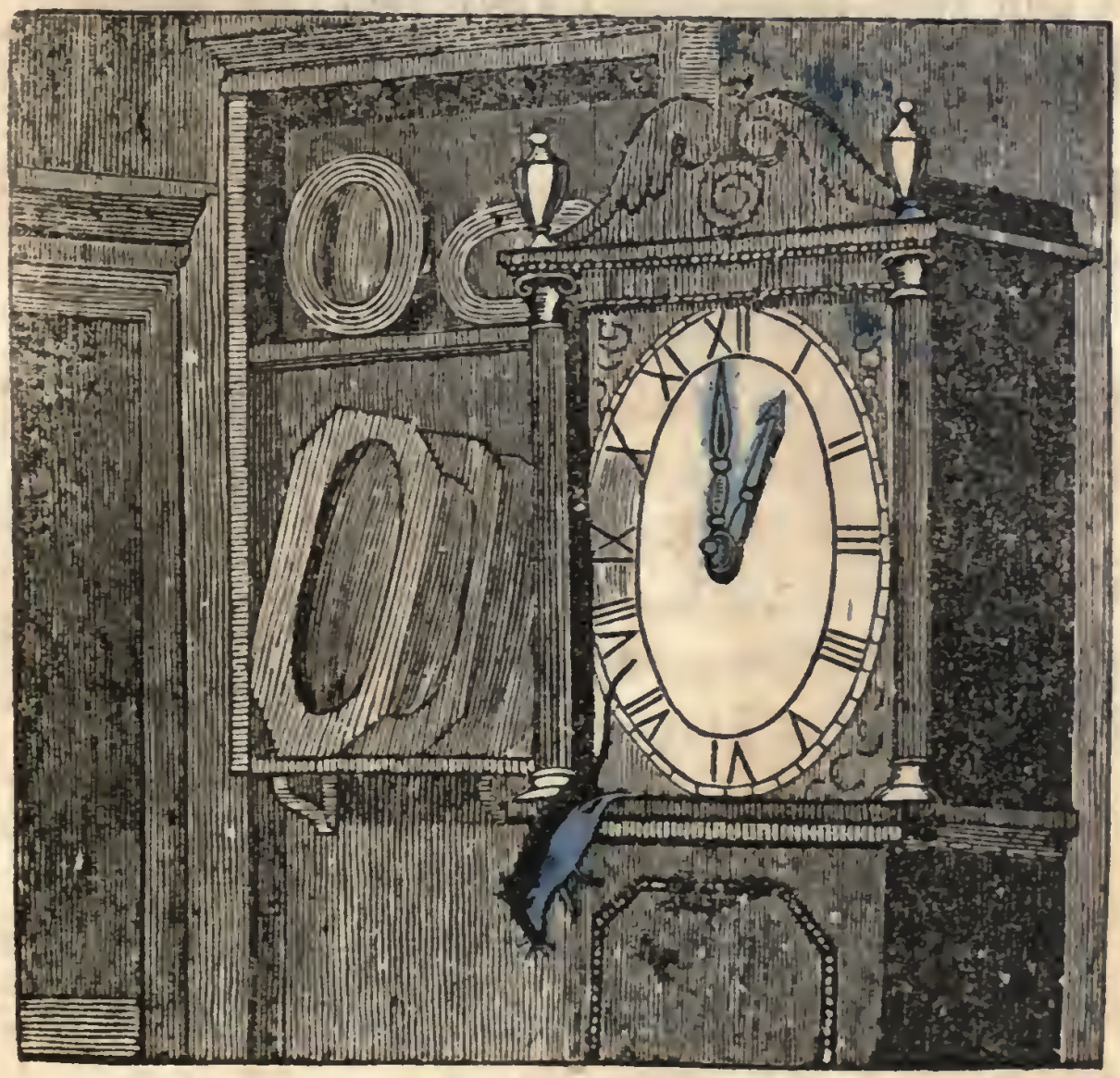
See saw, sacradown, sacradown,
Which is the way to Boston town?
One foot up, the other foot down,
That is the way to Boston town.
Boston town's changed into a city,
But I've no room to change my ditty.

Hop away, skip away, my baby wants to play,
My baby wants to play every day.

Who comes here? A Grenadier,
What do you want? A pot of beer.
Where's your money? I forgot.
Get you gone, you drunken sot.



Smiling girls, rosy boys,
Come and buy my little toys,
Monkeys made of gingerbread,
And sugar horses painted red.



Hiccory, diccory, dock,
The mouse ran up the clock ;
The clock struck one, and down he run,
Hiccory, diccory, dock.

TOMMY'S OPINION OF MOTHER GOOSE.

A four year-old boy, and I know him quite well,
He wished to peruse Mother Goose for a spell,
But his own mother said fie, fie, boy:
Here's nice catechisms, primers, hymn-books and so,
All written by Emerson, Worcester, and co.
Don't read that nonsensical fry, boy.

Besides too, here's aunty's New Goosey Book, dear,*
For musical charming it has no compeer,
With its 'Radener, tadorer, tan do ree too.'
You may read her unvulgar and moral-sense book,
For Goose's *effects* are all clean away shook,
'Twill be noticed I hope in the next Mother's Book,
With its 'Ringely, ringely, dahre roo noo,'
And its 'Troliloli lo loo, its troliloli lo loo.'

TOMMY ANSWERS:—

"I don't wan't to read how a hen has two legs,
About time how he flies, and a beggar who begs,
Or a text with a chapter and verse to't;
I learn these in school and I say them to you,
I want to read nonsense a minute or two,
I'll promise to act none the worse for't.

* If Tommy's mother does not here refer to E. L. F.'s Little Songs for Little Children, recently gradnated at Cambridge, I don't know what she means.

"You redde it yourself, ma', to Charles and to Jane,
It kept them both quiet when they were in pain,
And you said there was nothing like Goose.
And grandma' repeats it and knows every rhyme,
And nurse has amused Tommy many a time,
What now is the matter with Goose?"

I think that the whole of the above poem is an interpolation, although it was recently found among many others of my venerable ancestor's papers; but it is best to insert it, on the same ground that some of the disputed dramas of SHAKESPEARE were inserted among his genuine works, namely, there are many things in it worthy such a writer. And here I must take infinite credit to myself for my indefatigable labour in hunting out and bringing to light many lost gems, which would never have sparkled at this day, nor been the cause of sparkling in others, but for me. I thought I had heretofore done all that man could do, and, for the first time, dignified my researches with the name of Quarto; yes 'Mother Goose's Quarto!' but this was full of Imperfections, and to mortify me still more, repeated spurious editions were thrust out in the city of New York with one King's stamp upon them, in defiance of my just rights, a shame to all correct readers, and giving worthless food to all motherly reviewers to feed their babes upon. But I now resign, renounce, and utterly excommunicate said Quarto, and recommend this original, expurgated, restored, and only pure edition, called "Mother Goose's Melodies," to nursical notice and patronage, it being printed exclusively by my publishers. Respectfully,

GILBERT GOSLING.

Here's a lady so gay, singing away,
A parcel of children around her,
The boys and the girls all wish her to stay,
And they utterly tease and confound her.
But every rhyme, she has said with a chime,
And got she has on the last page, lads,
So close up the leaf, and put away grief,
She'll sing them again, I'll engage, lads.

THE END.

GOOSE'S MELODIES.

THE ONLY PURE EDITION.

BOSTON:

MUNROE AND FRANCIS, 123 WASHINGTON-STREET;

CHARLES S. FRANCIS, NEW-YORK.